

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Worst of the Beef Criminals.

Mr. P. D. Armour is ill, and it is intimated that his illness is due in part to his chagrin over the embalmed beef charges.

We are sorry that anybody should be in poor health, but if Mr. Armour retains sufficient moral sensibility to be physically affected by the revelations of his business dealings with the Government, the fact is the most creditable that has come to the knowledge of the public in connection with him.

Mr. Armour and his associates in the Beef Trust are rich enough to be able to afford the supreme luxury of being honest and patriotic. It would not have cost them a single comfort, a single indulgence, to deal with the Government not only with scrupulous fairness, but with generosity. When men who had nothing else to offer were giving their hearts' blood for their country these beef-packing millionaires could have said:

"We are patriotic, too. Our patriotism does not carry us to the extent of risking our lives for our flag, but it is genuine as far as it goes. We are going to make a good thing out of this war by selling meat to the Government, but we shall take care that the meat we sell is of the best quality, and we may even shade our profits a little to show our love for our native land and its defenders."

But instead of indulging in this very moderate display of public spirit and probity, Mr. Armour and his associates thought of nothing but how they might bleed their country in its hour of need. They took advantage of the urgencies of war to foist upon the Government at a high price a lot of stuff that the soldiers were unable to eat, and that sickened them when they tried. They have kept up this despicable work until this very month, and there is every reason to suppose that they are at it yet. As late as the 14th inst. one of the Armour agents at Washington telegraphed to his employers:

January 14, 1899.

Freeze 30,000 carcass beef quarters to weigh 175 to 200 also 2,800 hindquarters 8.40 for carcasses 10½ hinds Colorados all right NOT NECESSARY BE PARTICULAR ABOUT QUALITY will give shipping directions Monday.

In order to protect his dirty profits, Mr. Armour was willing to debauch every department of the Government, to tamper with judicial proceedings and to poison the public sources of information. This is the sort of report he has been receiving from his Washington lobby:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 11.

Upon arrival here tried associated strongest possible way to my paper put over wires OFFER TO PAY WHOLE OR PART BUT THEY NEVER TAKE A DOLLAR FROM ANY ONE Department refused because tone too strong handicapped by ATWATER POSITIVELY REFUSING ALL REMUNERATION BUT NOW THAT DEPT. INTERESTED HE IS MORE LIMBER says he refused not long ago thousands of dollars for signed statement of four lines simply because of his connection with Department send copy statement to Butchers' Advocate New York.

Money everywhere—money vainly offered to buy the press, money offered to an honest official, who made trouble by "positively refusing all remuneration," but became "more limber" when the Department became interested, and even a member of the President's Investigating Commission enlisted by some means not explained.

If Mr. Armour were a poor man, driven to desperation by the sight of a starving wife and the sound of the pleading voices of hungry children, we could understand, if we could not excuse, some lapse on his part from perfect honesty. But to choose, with no shadow of necessity, the part of a beast of prey, to cripple the energies of the Government in time of war, bring disease and death upon the men who had offered their lives in its service, and undermine the character of its rulers, all for the sake of adding a few more vile dollars to heaps already swollen beyond the power of spending—that indicates a character before which criticism must halt in dumb despair.

SEWARD'S PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

Of all the brilliant images drawn by the eloquence of William H. Seward there is none that appeals more strongly to the patriotism of to-day than the striking forecast of our country's future contained in his speech upon the death of Henry Clay, delivered in the Senate nearly fifty years ago.

Dilating upon the prominent part Clay had borne "in regulating the constitutional organization of Government over vast regions, secured by purchase or by conquest," Seward rises to these magnificent periods:

Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central America, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognize their renovating influence. Wherever that influence is felt a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it might subside to yield? We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress—that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement.

The great statesman's vision was strangely clear. The time for the fulfillment of his prophecy has come. Obstructionists or no obstructionists, we will stretch close to "the shores of China," and the "plains of Central America" will be reached by the national spirit in the creation of a new tie binding the oceans. The Sandwich Islands we already have, and "the shadow across the St. Lawrence" will grow broader and broader. The words of Seward come to us through the lapse of years with a stronger interest than they could have had when spoken. They should be a warning to the selfish Americans who pretend to believe that expansion is a new and revolutionary policy.

LOVING YOUR NEIGHBOR.

Here is a story that was in the newspapers yesterday for you to read: A woman named Kate Brach, who lives at No. 420 East Sixteenth street, was arrested with a child in her arms for begging on the street. Her husband, she said, was a gardener. They had four children.

When she was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court on Sunday—you were probably in church at the time—the agent of the Children's Society, who had arrested her, begged the Magistrate to discharge her. He said "that he had visited the home of the Braches and found it scrupulously clean, but almost bare of furniture. Every article of value had been pawned to keep the family alive during the months that the father had been vainly looking for work. The father and the three children were sitting around a bare table when the agent entered. All there was to divide among the four was half a loaf of stale bread and some water."

It is at least some satisfaction to add that the woman was discharged and that the policemen and lawyers in the court room made up a purse for her.

Let us now consider another item of the day's news. The Evangelical Free Churches of Great Britain, after many months of work, have compiled a new catechism. This catechism was published in this country yesterday for the first time. In glancing over it we find Articles 6 and 7 to read thus:

6. Q. What is sin?
A. Sin is any thought or feeling, word or act, which either is contrary to God's holy law or falls short of what it requires.
7. Q. Say, in brief, what God's law requires.
A. That we should love God with our whole heart, and our neighbor as ourselves.
New York professes to be a Christian city.

The suggestion that the millions of human beings who live in cozy homes in this great city and pride themselves upon their Christian life are, after all, only sinners would make them stare and gasp. Yet unless you challenge the above definition of Christian law or prove that the story of the begging woman is untrue, how can you deny those two facts?

"Love our neighbors as ourselves!" Man alive, have you and your children ever fed on stale bread and water? Or would you lie snugly in bed if you knew that your children, who are virtually a part of yourself, were waiting for their mother to bring home the fruits of begging?

"Oh, well," we hear you say, "if I had been in court I would have contributed liberally to that purse. In any event, now that the case has been brought to my attention, I'll send those folks something."

That isn't religion. It isn't even decent charity. It is that miserable makeshift known as Charity Organization Society Charity, which isn't real charity at all.

You know just as well as we do how much you love yourself. If, like the Oriental adepts, you were to project your astral body to the other side of the globe and then from the distance saw your real body surrounded by your children feeding on stale bread and water because you had no work, what an agony of wretchedness would seize you! How you would yearn to rush back and wipe out that awful condition once and for all. Ah, yes. You love yourself. But how much do you love your neighbor?

MAKING EXTRA-VAGANCE EASY.

The Senate has thrown down the last of the bars in the way of unlimited extravagance by taking six of the regular appropriation bills out of the hands of the Committee on Appropriations and assigning them to the special committees having charge of particular subjects. That means that instead of one committee having some sort of general responsibility for keeping the expenses of the Government within sight of its revenues, there will be half a dozen, each concerned only with getting as much as possible for its specialty. This has been the experience of the House, and it will be repeated in the Senate. What ought to be done is precisely the reverse. The control, both of revenues and of expenditures, ought to be concentrated in the hands of a single budget committee, charged with the duty of maintaining a balance between the income and the outgo of the Government. Without such a concentration of extravagance at Washington will go from bad to worse, until reform will be forced by the imminence of bankruptcy.

THE SIXTY-NINTH'S HOME-COMING.

New York's citizen soldiers have an abiding place in her affections. They have always done her honor. A striking manifestation of the interest this people have in the troops that volunteered to defend the flag was shown in the reception accorded the Sixty-ninth Regiment last evening.

Owing to the delay in transportation, the soldiers did not pass the Journal's reviewing stand until 6 in the afternoon, although scheduled to arrive at 10 in the morning. During that long interval the streets were packed with people, whose hearty welcome lost none of its zest because of the weary vigil imposed upon them.

They gave a reception to the Sixty-ninth that must have gone far to reward its gallant members for any privations they may have suffered. It was an overwhelming tribute of approval for duty modestly and faithfully done.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

CHICAGO PHILANTHROPISTS have established a hotel for working girls where board, lodging and baths may be had for two dollars a week. What has become of the New York undertaking of this sort?

THE CONCEPTION "SALOON" is not an absolute one. There are saloons and saloons. A failure on the part of some of our noted divines to realize the distinction may explain why they take issue with others more discriminating.

SECRETARY ALGER is said to be willing personally to defray the cost of the Carter trial revision. Such generosity is unusual in the eminent lumberman from Michigan. Has he troubles about contracts other than those of the war?

THE ATTENTION of the whining gentlemen who think they can block the progress of civilization is respectfully called to yesterday's dispatches touching the flimsy excuses proffered by their friends in Luzon. Do Senator Hale and company realize what they are attempting to perpetrate?

An Answer to Mr. Brewer.

Editor of the New York Journal: It is with deep interest that I read in the editorial columns of the Sunday Journal a letter signed by William Brewer, editor-in-chief of the Salvation Army publications in the United States, and with, I confess, a little amusement, the trusty comments of the editor upon the same. I trust you will give space to the following few remarks to Mr. Brewer.

The saloon, Mr. Brewer, is a necessity, because man is a gregarious animal, and loves the companionship of his fellows, and at the present time meets in the saloon because nothing is equal to it for the purpose of taking a drink.

The saloon business is a legitimate business. It is but one of the ramifications of the principle of demand and supply. The saloonkeeper pays for the privilege of supplying an existing demand, while some of his critics are exempt from taxation. It is true that money is spent in saloons, but it is equally true that it is spent voluntarily.

But do not despair. Evolution is slowly but steadily going on. Civilization is advancing. Drunkenness is going out of style. Time gives us a clearer vision. Men are getting a better realization of true manhood. Not long ago—you will doubtless remember it, Mr. Brewer—drunkenness meant nothing to a man's business or social standing. To-day a man who drinks too freely loses caste. We are slowly but steadily moving toward the time when prohibition will reign but when we will have ideal drinking places, ideal clubs for both men and women.

E. JENKINS.

No. 528 Warren street, Newark, N. J.

DE KOVEN AND SMITH'S NEW OPERA.

ALAN DALE REVIEWS "THE THREE DRAGONS."

A CONSCIENTIOUS effort to relieve the gloom of that very serious form of entertainment known as comic opera was made at the Broadway Theatre last night. The Broadway Theatre company followed up "The Highwayman" with another work from the pens of De Koven and Smith, called "The Three Dragons." And this time the marvellous Harry R. Smith (who is the Miss Braddon of comic opera) tried to steer away from too many chateaux and disguised princes and those idiotic "complications" that baffle sanity.

For a long time, however, "The Three Dragons" was dreadfully and laboriously legitimate. The good old standards were carefully held up. The three dragons came on and laid out their plans of which I shall say as little as possible. The funny man cracked conventional jokes at the conventional moments. The tenor sang to his lady love the good old song that we are bound to know. Troops of chorus girls came on and said "Trala-la." The leading comedian ploughed his way through their ranks and sang his "piece." Then the chorus girls grooped off and said "Trala-la" again. And here ended the first act.

The traditions were rigorously followed. In the ensuing entr'acte you felt to devouring the chocolate (third programme) and masticating the heavy argument. Mr. Smith explained matters very neatly. He told you exactly where the "comedy interest" lay—which was very kind of him, for you would never have found it out yourself. And then he threaded you through the eternal complications and told you all about the legacy and the supposed hideout, and Don Bambouls, and plenty of other things that you would have given a gold clock to escape.

Fortunately, however, as I said before, it was only in the first act that the comic opera traditions were applied. In the second act things grew livelier, and at 10 o'clock you were having a good time. The dialogue became funny; the music, which had hitherto been of the brand known as trashy, grew fascinating, and the song of "The Naughty Little Clock" cleared matters up materially. A very

pretty song was this, suggesting various things that you have heard before, but switching tantalizingly away from them just as you felt you could name the source that had inspired it. There once was a frivolous and giddy little clock. A little French clock, rather gay. Very trim and very neat, but a creature of deceit. When you wished to know the time of day, its goings-on would shock the old hall clock. Till it held up its hands aghast; I'm sure, to tell the truth, it went wrong in early youth—

Had a natural inclination to be fast. This was the song that broke the ice of "The Three Dragons." The lyrics were Harry R. Smith's at his best, and there is nobody who can grind out (will Mr. Smith pardon me the term "grind") it seems so appropos) any better. These songs to inanimate objects have made works like "The Gelsia" and "The Runaway Girl" popular. They are such a pleasant relief from comic opera.

The second act of "The Three Dragons" is full of bright material. The line, "The King's head fills a long felt hat" started the laughter, which was subsequently sprinkled freely over the proceedings. The song of nations, a la "Fortune Teller," was much applauded, particularly the Yankee emblem, "the eagle walk," also a la "Fortune Teller." There is no use talking about the old standard of comic opera to-day; they won't do, because there are no people to dish them up. As soon as "The Three Dragons" divided into mere enjoyment (which is, of course, reprehensible; all enjoyment is reprehensible, we are often told), it pleased the audience. A tenor can sing the most gorgeous song in the moonlight to his lovely lady, with blue lights all over them, but the public will approve the more rollicking of his dignified cake walk. It may be said, but it is true.

Mr. Smith came out of his chateau, and his Portuguese surroundings, and his "complications" to jollity and prettiness, after we had spent one very dull hour. But we forgot that liberty in the amusement that followed. Comic opera, like

other forms of entertainment, must progress. It is no use writing for the fogies, who go to the theatre to cry about the glories of days past. We wait that which is up-to-date. "The Three Dragons," without anything that was startlingly original, entertained us as soon as it became modern. The cast contained a number of good men. That was one fault of the opera. There were too many men. The stage was littered with men, until the trala-la girls came on and trala-la'd. "Josef" O'Mara made the hit of the evening with his singing. His voice was in splendid shape. It was almost amusing to watch the fall that he took when he ceased singing and began to speak. Dramatically, O'Mara is a cruel joke; vocally, he is a treat. Jerome Sykes furnished with the funny role of a man who is perpetually giving himself testimonials, covered himself with glory in a De Wolf Hopperian way. Mr. Sykes is a great regularity to comic opera. He is one of the few who can sing and act. Richard F. Carroll, was a times intensely lugubrious, but the cake walk lifted him up. Oh, the coon song! What have we not gained from the coon song?

Miss Marguerite Lemon was the principal female participant. Miss Lemon is, of course, a serious, and she indulged in a little forlorn music, as though to show us that she was ambitious. There is the trouble with everything in comic opera; it is all so serious. They are all so ambitious. They all seem to be bearing you up aloft, your boots on. Miss Lemon sang very nicely. —this time I want call her acclimated or reformed. Miss Leonora Ginto was also pleasing, and Miss Linda da Costa, an agreeable young woman with dramatic instincts, sang the clock song—or rather acted it—very neatly indeed.

"The Three Dragons" had a pretentious setting and the usual glowing costumes. The colors looked furiously, and the royal palace at Lisbon was a very real and imposing affair. Some pink and black costumes were particularly artistic. In fact, I should say that Dazien, Barbridge and Marston deserved a great deal of credit. ALAN DALE.

"THE LITERARY BANDIT LAIR." WALTER BESANT'S COMPLIMENTS TO PUBLISHERS.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—Sir Walter Besant's latest step in his war upon the publishers is nothing less than a 347-page volume entitled "The Pen and the Book." I have been shown an advance copy, and am able to quote from it some passages which show it to be an uncompromising weapon of attack.

"Publishers," it declares, "deal with authors as they do with booksellers, printers, paper makers and binders—solely with a view of making money by the transaction. The working of a novel means taking advantage of these rights: (1) the English serial right; (2) the American serial right; (3) the right of translation; (4) the English volume right; (5) the colonial rights; (6) the continental right, and (7) the dramatic right. Every one of these rights belongs to the author, not to the publisher. You must be prepared to find your publisher, in his agreement, advancing claims upon these rights, which you must rigidly strike out."

With this introduction Sir Walter grows more vigorous, frequently using capitals to emphasize his meaning. He says further on: "I would say to a young writer: 'When you enter a publisher's shop; when you send him a manuscript, you become like all the other persons engaged in the production of a book—a man to be 'beaten.' . . . Do not be deluded by the champagne and the lunch he may offer you. Do not be taken in by plausible words and plausible manners; do not on any account without advice accept as plain truth any or every statement that he may make; and, ABOVE ALL THINGS, DO NOT SIGN ANY AGREEMENT WITHOUT THE ADVICE OF PERSONS WHO ARE SKILLED.'"

At another place he even calls the publishers "thieves," in this language: "At this point it will be well to ask what the publisher does for a book that he should claim rights in it or any payment for his services. . . . That there has been fraud and falsehood habitually and regularly committed has long been known, and has recently been proved in many ways. . . . Many publishers, INCLUDING SOME OF THE GREAT HOUSES, have made it their common practice to take secret percentages on the cost of every item, and in this manner

to take from the proceeds of the book very much more than they were entitled to by the agreement. . . . They know, and they must know, that they are THIEVING."

The book, which is to issue from the press of Publisher Thomas Burtchell, is divided into chapters, which treat the general subject of authorship under these headings: "Life of Letters,"

every agent, or "font," as he otherwise describes those who act as middlemen between publishers and authors. Under the head of "The Cost of Production," he tells the unwary author just how much the publisher pays to produce a volume of any given size, and warns him against all sorts of "extras" that will be found in the bill when a settlement is sought.

The publishers are loudly demanding names of Sir Walter, but he gives them no satisfaction. It is to be inferred from this that he merely points to the directory of the four hundred London publishers, saying: "Is there one honest man among you?"

Sir Walter Besant occupies a high position among living English writers. He has had the satisfaction of seeing the dream in one of his books realized. It was in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" he drew a picture of a "People's Palace," wherein workmen could find recreation and pleasure, books and lectures, and converse among themselves upon topics of mutual interest. Just such an institution, bearing the name he gave it, was the result, and it stands to-day as one of the ornaments of the great East Side of London.

Sir Walter was, after leaving Christ's College, Cambridge, a professor, secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund and chairman of the Society of Authors. His best known works are: "Studies in Early French Poetry," "A History of French Humourists," histories of different sections of London, and a number of novels, including "The Revolt of Man," "All in a Garden Fair," "Dorothy Foster," "For Faith and Freedom," "Aureol of Lyons," "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," "The Master Craftsman," "The City of Refuge," "A Fountain Sealed," "The Rise of the British Empire" and "The Changeling."

I mention this large number of works, which really represents but a part of the labor of this man of letters, in order to show the deep personal interest which he must feel in his fight against publishers. That he, who earns his living as a man of letters, should give the time to the writing of a 347-page volume on such a subject which he himself declares is "for private circulation," shows the extent which his antipathy reaches.

"The Editor," "In the Employment of a Publisher," "The Commercial Side," "The Cost of Production," "The Methods of Publishers," "Discretion and Fraud," "The Literary Agent," "Journalism."

Journalism is described as the most valuable stepping stone to literary careers. Sir Walter empties all the vials of his wrath upon the literary agent, or "font," as he otherwise describes those who act as middlemen between publishers and authors. Under the head of "The Cost of Production," he tells the unwary author just how much the publisher pays to produce a volume of any given size, and warns him against all sorts of "extras" that will be found in the bill when a settlement is sought.

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CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER. PETTY PILFERING DISTURBS SOCIETY—THE LATEST GOSSIP.

SOMETIMES one hears of the queerest things. Just now many of the men and the women, also, are complaining bitterly of the pilfering which goes on in clock rooms.

Men tell me that it is most unwise to leave one cent or anything of value in an overcoat or a wrap pocket at any of the coat stands at the restaurants and hotels where people go to dine, and that at many of the recent receptions and teas change in small amounts has been invariably taken from coat pockets left in these rooms.

It is not only in restaurants, but also at private houses, and the surprise is that hired men outside of the family servants must be allowed access to these rooms, and that there is a regular system of brigandage going on.

Some very provoking losses have occurred during the last week. The amounts were small, but they caused a temporary inconvenience when a man carries around checks or a few bank bills of a large denomination only. I have known wedding present boxes to be stolen.

Miss Callender and Miss De Forest have had as much music, almost, as the Metropolitan Opera House the last two or three days. There was the Adamowski quartet on Monday, with Miss Enstis, and a variegated programme on Tuesday, in which Mme. Marchesi took part.

I fear that Marchesi is a little too much for me. She sings very well. But her voice has that sharp French sound which I do not like. But then I am no musical critic, and I ought not to say anything about it.

Only people felt at the kindergarten performance the other day very much like talking while it all went on.

There was not much else to interfere with the Charity Ball, a very late entertainment and I have no doubt very successful.

I see that the friends and relatives of Miss Fair and Willie Vanderbilt, Jr., are bent on ruining their digestion.

This week there will be several affairs in their honor, and one of these will be in the new house of Mrs. Childs, on Madison avenue.

Mrs. Childs is a very intimate friend of Mrs. Oelrichs, and has been so ever since her marriage to Hermann Oelrichs. They have been constantly together, and have taken long trips during the summer. Mrs. Childs is also a great favorite with Mrs. Joseph Stickney and Mrs. Crocker. All of these ladies will give dinners to the young couple.

I see it announced somewhere that the honeymoon will be passed in Italy. I doubt it. It would be a sad mistake, as Italy in April and May is a place to be avoided unless you wish to get the Roman fever.

A European trip may be taken, but England would be the objective point, where the young Duchess of Marlborough would have a warm welcome for her new sister-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., have been having a very gay time in Washington. They have been dined and entertained every evening during their visit.

Mrs. Duncan Elliot still remains at Alken, which,

owing to the want of men, has not been very gay this year. Until another hotel is built Alken will suffer, as cottage life has not got the foundation down there that it has in more Northern watering places, and I hear that the boarding houses are not very inviting.

Father Ducey's private mortuary chapel is nearly completed, and it is really quite gay with its frontage of evergreen shrubs, and it makes a bright little spot with a park-like aspect in a very dismal block.

Father Ducey himself is in extremely poor health, and one misses him at Delmonico's and the other restaurants where he was wont once in a while to be seen.

The chapel, as you know, is to be a private funeral home, where bodies of strangers may rest until funeral arrangements are completed.

As there is no place of this kind in New York, the chapel is one which will certainly fill what is called a "needed want."

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

American Society in France.

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(Special Cable Dispatch to the Journal.)

Paris, January 30.

MRS. AUSTIN LEE, formerly Mrs. Taylor, of Boston, and niece of Mrs. Robert Cutting, has been staying with the Duke and Duchess de Rohan, at their chateau de Josselin. While there Mrs. Lee joined the Catholic Church, the Duke and Duchess acting as sponsors.

Mrs. Lee, who is the wife of the commercial attaché of the British Embassy, has returned here.

Mme. de Montsaunin, nee Zrowski, of New York, has been holding her usual Winter receptions. She returned to town a fortnight ago from her chateau, near Tours. At her reception on Tuesday I met Lady Monson, the wife of the English Ambassador; Lady Lillian Boyd, and Mrs. Plus Moore, formerly Kate Robinson, of New York.

Mrs. Horace Porter and Miss Porter have been entertained at 5 o'clock ten by the Countess Leon Oroussoff.

Mrs. Thompson, of Chicago, mother of Fanchon Thompson, of the Opera Comique, gave a reception on Sunday at which were present Judge Leicester Holme, Colonel Mappeson, and Mrs. De La Motte, and her mother, Mrs. Sands, of New York.

Mrs. George Haynes gave a luncheon on Monday to one of the many Princess Gallitzin.

Miss Fanny Reed, sister of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens, and Mrs. Harris Phelps gave a matinee on Tuesday at which were present the Countess De Coetlogon, Lady Lamb and Baroness De Koueritz.

Countess de Trobriand, nee Jones, gave a party on Thursday, which was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Harris Phelps, the Princess de Rohan, the Count and Countess McCarthy.

Mrs. Morgan Hill, of San Francisco, after a

long visit home, have arrived here to stay the season.

Mrs. Gillebrunn, of Minneapolis, with her sister, Miss Reed, leaves next week for Cairo, to spend the Winter there.

Miss N. M. Wright, of St. Louis, has gone to Mentone for the Winter.

Baroness de Reibnitz, nee Schlesinger, of New York, gave a musicale on Monday, at which Miss Minnie Tracy sang.

Mme. de Brulaton, formerly Mrs. Farrah, of New York, gave a dinner on Monday to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

Countess d'Araunon, nee Fisher, of New York, has returned to town from her country seat.

Mme. Hegemann-Lindereone, Danish Ambassador, and formerly Mrs. Moulton, of New York, with her daughter, the Countess Ballen, gave a big musicale on Tuesday.

Mrs. Edwin Denby, of Philadelphia, has gone to Rome for the winter.

Mrs. Henry Adams, nee Dennison, of Louisville, sang yesterday at a musicale given by Mrs. Walden Pall.

Miss Edith Duhel, niece of Mrs. Cutting, of Boston, gave a matinee on Sunday, at which I met McNeil Whistler and M. and Mrs. Benjamin Constant.

Mrs. Knight, of Philadelphia, gave a tea Tuesday at which were present the Marquis and Marquise d'Estrens, Mr. and Mrs. James Keruoch, the Countess Divonne and the Viscountess de Manbou.

Miss Katharine Batchelor, of Saratoga, so celebrated for her golfing at Homburg last summer, has gone to spend the winter at Cairo with her father.

Mrs. Clarence Andrews, nee Fithian, of New York, has arrived here, and is staying at her mother's.

Mrs. Payne, nee Inman, of New York, has been giving a series of brilliant dinners at her residence in the Champs Elysees.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor dined while here with Ambassador and Mrs. Porter to meet Mr. and Mrs. Austin Lee and the Count and Countess de Castellane.

Mrs. Leroy, whose niece, Miss Dresser, married George Vanderbilt, gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of the Countess de Montsaunin, and invited to meet her the Chevalier Van Stuerz and the Misses Dresser.

Dramatic.

"How dramatic is the ending of the Indian race?" exclaimed these persons with emotion.

The lonely red man heard them and laughed bitterly.

"Say, wouldn't this far you for a tan? Play, though?" he cried, swallowing the last of the four gallons of hot goods which he had hoarded with a half section of standing pine.—Detroit Journal.

How It Was Brought about.</